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## THEN AND NOW.

THEN.

I knew a little maiden once—
In days of long ago;
Here eyes were bright, her hair was black,
Her voice was sweet and low;
Her smile was like the rippling of
Some soft and silvery sheen;
Her form in loveliness surpassed
All I had ever seen.

But deeper down I saw the charm
That winged my cupid's dart—
Surrounded by this loveliness
Lay a still lovelier heart.
So, gathering all my forces, I,
With front both firm and bold,
Besieged the lovely fortress that
I longed to have and hold.

NOW.

Her eyes were bright—their brightness
Has been dimmed by many tears;
Her hair was black—its luster
Has been changed by many years;
And where there was a dimple,
A wrinkle now appears;
But yet a saintly halo
Around that face I see,
Which makes it far more lovely
Than in the past to me.
And the love which fills my being,
In the afternoon of life,
Is greater far than ever
For that little word—my wife.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## BUYING HIS TURKEY.

**Luke Sharp's Struggles After a New Year's Fowl.**

This was a couple of years ago. We had been in the habit of buying our New Year's turkey in America, and in comparison the prices in West End London seemed simply extortionate.

As Colonel Sellers says about hogs, turkeys were jewelry. A Londoner always carries home his turkey because the fact of his being able to buy one sort of establishes his financial credit for the coming year. It is a good rating by a commercial agency.

However we thought the regular dealers were trying to impose on our American greenness, and so my wife said: "You go to Smithfield Market and buy a turkey."

"My dear," I replied, "the martyrs used to go to Smithfield, but this martyr don't go. Marketing comes within the province of a 'woman's spear,' as Betsy Bobbet used to say."

Nevertheless I had to go, although I protested that I did not know a young turkey from one of the prehistoric variety.

"I know," I expostulated, "that after trying my best to pick out a young turkey I will get one so tough that none of the family can eat it."

"Well, in that case try to get a tough turkey and you will bring home a nice one. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

After six that evening I went along the crowded Strand, down Fleet street, Ludgate Hill, along Farrington street, under the O'burn Viaduct bridge, and turning to the right speedily found the great building called Smithfield Market. This market place looks somewhat like the main building of an exposition, but on the last day of the year, large as it was, it was so crowded that a man had some difficulty in squeezing through. The whole place was a blaze of light and a Babel of sound. The blessed company of martyrs hung in tempting array at every stall, prepared for the fire, and thousands of people were pressing forward to get to the steak. So far it was very like any other large market, but the Smithfield butchers had a way of rushing sales that is peculiar to London. At each stall was a man with a great envelope of an apron covering him all but his head. He held in his hand a long knife and a steel for sharpening it. Every now and then he would clash these terrible weapons together rapidly a dozen times or so and shout at the top of his voice: "Buy! Buy! Buy!" He never seemed to do anything but clash and shout. Busy assistants did the cutting. The roar of conversation, the shouts of the clashers, and the good-natured, pushing, jostling crowd, all made up an experience that would be difficult to forget.

Not content with loudly inviting custom, some of the venders got up on the stands and auctioned off the fowls.

"Now, then, now, then, now, then," cried the one in front of me, as he took his place on the counter above the struggling mass. "Now, then, now, then." He seized a plump dressed goose by the legs and swung it up before the crowd. "Now, then; now's the time and 'ere's the spot. 'Ere's the werry spot. I know you've been waiting for me and 'ere I am. 'Ere's the spot where ye gets yer goose for less than the cost of a pickin' on 'em. Cos wy? Wy, *our* 'ouse is a feather 'ouse. *We* don't go for to make profits on the birds; *our* profits is in the feathers. We've picked this 'ere goose and we'll sell the feathers and give away the birds. But I know ye. You're independent—you are. *You* don't want nothink fur nothink. You sez, sez you, give us a fair price, Podgers, and we takes the goose. Now who sez ten shillin' fur this prime young goose; not a better in hall Smithfield, if I *do* say it. There's two men now a tramplin' innercent children under foot to get here and get this goose fur ten shillin'. Cawn't sell it to both on ye; first man's money takes it. Ten shillin' do I hear. Then nine and six. No? Nine shillin' and take it. Do I hear eight and six? Eight and six for the finest, tenderest, juciest, plumpest goose in Smithfield Market to-night. Yes, I'll give it away for eight shillin's. Don't break down the stall a rushin'. Who'll 'ave it for three 'alf crowns, seven shillin's and sixpence for this 'ere goose. Make it the even seven shillin's and take it with you. I'm glad this 'ere goose isn t alive to 'ear itself sold for six and sixpence. Who takes it for the even six? Thank you, sir; took a little w'ile to fetch you, but I knew you'd come. Step around to our banking 'ouse just in the rear and pay your money to the cashier, and 'ere's wishin' yer a 'appy New Year. 'And us up another goose, John. I thought I sold the finest goose to the goose—beg parding, to the gentleman just gone, but 'ere's the pick of the lot."

And thus he went on rattling off a continuous stream of talk as fluently as an auctioneer. At every drop down in the price he would slap the goose with the broad palm of his hand with a report that sounded through the hall and then he would make a gesture as if he would throw the bird away.

"Now, then, now, then, 'ere's a goose as *is* a goose. Ah, arn't she a beauty? Now, Yankee, wat do ye reckon this 'ere goose is worth, eh? I guess."

This was to me and the crowd laughed at the refined wit and the exaggerated nasal twang.

"We get 'em for two shillings in America," I said.

This simple statement seemed to take the vociferous auctioneer aback somewhat, and after that the whole resources of his "h"-less vocabulary were turned on me.

"'Ow much does the Yankee offer for this 'ere goose? Wot a pair they *would* make! Wot'll ye give for the goose, Yankee?"

"I want a turkey."

"Oh, my eye! 'E wants a turkey, 'e does. John, 'ere's a London millionaire as wants a turkey. Goose arn't good enough for 'im, goose arn't," and thus I caught it until I was glad to retreat.

I bought my turkey at a less crowded stand down a somewhat secluded lane away from the main thoroughfare of Smithfield Market, for the market—like London itself—has numerous queer little side streets, lanes and alleys.

"'Ave an 'amper, sir?" said the man, when I paid him.

"A what?"

"An 'amper to carry 'ome your turkey—only a penny, sir."

And with this he produced a hamper with a couple of handles that was certainly very cheap at the price. And thus the hamper, the turkey and myself went home to spend New Year's Day.—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

## THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

**An Institution Without Which No Well-Regulated Town Is Complete.**

The oldest inhabitant is a bird of peculiar plumage. Every town of any ordinary size owns *its* especial oldest inhabitant. He or she, as the case may be, is the Sir Oracle or the Miss or Mrs. Oracle of the day. The oldest inhabitant divides the honor with the oldest fire engine in the State. The oldest fire engine can not speak, for which a long-suffering people offer up thanks. But the oldest inhabitant has a thousand tongues; and each tongue has a several tongue from whose diverging tongue other tongues spring up in close proximity swearing eternal constancy to the tales uttered by this multidimistic tongue of the much-advertised oldest inhabitant. I cling to the oldest inhabitant with that tenacity of purpose known only to the knight of the quill. The oldest inhabitant always remembers about Washington's crossing the Delaware. If the oldest inhabitant be a woman, she always tells you about how she brained there several redskins with a meat axe as they crawled, one and respectively, through the hole their hatchets had carved in the door. If the oldest inhabitant be a man, he always recalls that little incident of having been captured by St. Leger and carried to Canada after the battle of Ariskany. He always brains the sleeping redskin and returns to the haunts of his childhood. In this day of genuine, actual wants the oldest inhabitant is gradually assuming the guise *a la* myth. Yet, I am told, the oldest inhabitant is being daily born. I pity future generations. —*St. Louis Whip.*

## COMMON ERRORS.

**Blunders in Speech Frequently Made by Educated People.**

A few out of many mistakes in speech made frequently by educated people as well as by those from whom one expects little in the way of grammatical accuracy are the following taken from Matthews' "Words: Their Uses and Abuses:"

"Directly" for as soon as. "Directly he came, I went away with him."

"Equally as well" for equally well. Example: "It will do equally as well."

"Looks beautifully." In spite of the frequency with which this impropriety has been censured, one hears it almost daily from the lips of educated men and women. The error arises from confounding "look" in the sense of to direct the eye, and look in the sense of to seem, to appear. We qualify what a person does by the adverb: what a person is, or seems to be, by an adjective. Example—"She looks coldly on him;" "she looks cold."

"Myself" for "I." Mrs. Jones and myself will be happy to dine with you."

"Quantity" for number. Example—"A quantity of books." In speak- of a collection or mass, it is proper to use "quantity"; but in speaking of individual objects, however many, we must use the word number. "A quantity of meat," or "a quantity of iron," is good English, but not "a quantity of bank notes".

"Stopping," for staying. "The Hon. John Jones is stopping at the Sherman House." In reading such a statement as this we are tempted to ask: When will Mr. Jones stop stopping? The true meaning of the word "stop" was well understood by a man who did not invite his professed friend to visit him: "If you come at any time within ten miles of my house, just stop."

"Rendition" for rendering. Example: "Mr. Booth's rendition of Hamlet was admirable," "Rendition" means surrender, giving up, relinquishing to another; as when we speak of the rendition of a beleaguered town to the besieger, or of a pledge upon the satisfaction of a debt.

"Except" for unless. Example: "No one, except he has served an apprenticeship, need apply."

"Try and" for try to. Example: "Try and do it."

"People" for persons. "Many people think so." Better, persons; people means a body of persons regarded collectively—a nation.

"Raising the rent" for increasing the rent. A landlord notified his tenant that he would raise the rent. "Thank you," was the reply; "I find it very hard to raise it myself."

"Was" for is. "Two young men," says Swift, "have made a discovery that there was a God." That there "was" a God? When? This year, or last year, or ages ago? All general truths should be expressed by the use of verbs in the present tense.

## A GLORIOUS IDEA.

**Why Mrs. Gidaker Would Like to Spend Forty Years in a Wilderness.**

"Louise, my dear," said Gidaker to his wife one Sunday, as they were going home from church, "have you ever thought much about the Pilgrimage in the Wilderness?"

"Well, no, hubby; not such a great sight; and still I've thought about it some, too, and wished it was all to be done over again," said the good woman, with a far-away sort of sigh.

"Done over again! Why, my love, what can you mean?" said Gidaker, quickly, with eyes like exclamation points on a poster.

"I mean that it would be so jolly to have a chance like that now."

"Like what, my dear?"

"To join the picnic."

"Picnic?"

"Yes, picnic, and one that would last forty years, too, at that. Wouldn't it be delightful?"

"I fail to grasp your meaning, my dear."

"I mean that I would like to have a chance in that sort of a barbecue myself. It would just suit me to a T, and if another Moses would only come to Chicago and give us a chance to go through Lake Michigan and camp around in Canada for forty years, and have as nice a time of it all that while as they did on the other side of Jordan, I tell you, hubby, I'd drop into the procession just too quick, and if I didn't have a sealskin coat and a stem-winding watch to take along with me it would be because I couldn't borrow them in the block before I started. Wouldn't it be grand? I'll declare, it fairly warms my feet to think of it."

"What are you saying, Louise?"

"What am I saying? I'm sayin, you dear old blockhead, that camping in the wilderness with no housework to do would suit me about as well as anything I know of. No sweeping and scrubbing; no house-cleaning, carpet-shaking or wearing out knuckles on a washboard; no pinching to make both ends meets, and worrying about things you can't afford. If that wouldn't be nice, hubby, tell me something that would. No going distracted when you have company unexpectedly and your girl has gone away. No cooking, no dish-washing or anything to make you get up early in the morning. Think how nice it would be to sleep until you got your nap out, and then find your breakfast all ready and waiting for you on a bush when you get up; not only now and then, but right along for a steady thing every morning for forty years. I know I'd like it. It would be nearly as gay as being a gypsy. Don't you think so, hubby?"

"You're a person of queer ideas, my dear."

"May be I am; but if you had to drag around like I do from morning till night, till your feet got at heavy as lead, you'd long for any kind of a change that would make the work lighter, I know you would, and that's the reason why I always thought I would have liked that trip down to Canaan myself. It makes me feel as though I had on a new dress that fit like a glove every time I think of it. There's only one thing about it that would be hard to bear?"

"And what's that, my love?"

"Why, never having your clothes wear out, and going all that time without getting anything new to talk about. That would be downright dreadful, as sure as you live. If they'd only have something nice from a millinery shop blow into camp along with the quails now and then, or something lovely from State street drop down with the manna sometimes, it would be just too grand for any use, and nothing could be imagined that would suit me any better, unless it would be having money of my own to spend whenever I wanted it, without having to go to market and waste it in provisions."—"*Ligo*" *Brown, in Chicago Ledger.*

## ROYAL GOWNS.

**Some Costumes Recently Ordered by Princesses and Ladies of the Court.**

The Princess of Wales, during her stay in Paris, ordered some beautiful dresses and mantles. Two specially becoming cloth costumes deserve description, because of their simplicity and elegance. One was in Henri III. style, almost severe in its lines. The skirt, of navy blue cloth, had panels braided in fine black soutache; the tablier was dull chaudron velvet. The bodice, molding the figure, was trimmed with black braid, which formed loops at the waist, arranged like the ribbon loops to be seen on costumes worn in the reign of Henri III. The sleeves also were extremely close fitting. The second dress was in slate vigogne, the soft draperies on the skirt being gracefully arranged. The bodice was in embossed velvet of three shades—slate, old silver and pale silver; rosettes of slate satin were placed at each side of short basque. One small mantle ordered by Her Royal Highness was in seal-brown plush, its long wide sleeves trimmed with fur; it fitted the figure very closely at the back of the waist where it was short.

One millinery house has been making some rich dresses for the Spanish Court, notably in the new shade of red, called "tison d'enfer," and in several shades of green. For the Comtesse de Guaqui, who is attached to the Spanish Court, there was a short visiting costume in sapphire-blue velvet, bordered and trimmed in front with a wide Oriental galon in cashmere designs, embroidered all over in gold and fine silks. This is a new fabric, and sometimes measures a yard and a quarter in width, and costs as much at twelve pounds sterling the meter. For the same *grande dame* there was a maize crepe evening dress, made up with spotted net moire, satin and lace, all of the same color, and yet the effect was simple. Another Spanish lady had ordered a shot velvet visiting costume—dark blue, shot with cerise and made up with cerise faille Francaise; the draperies were on the cross; there was a panel on one side of the skirt and a bow on the other. The velvet bodice had a drapery on the cross.

The muffs in the newest French fashion plates are eccentricity itself. Some are gathered at the ends, so that they look like musk-melons; some appear to be drawn together in the center, and flare open so as to seem like two fans fastened together under a ribbon; some are hooped like a barrel; and one, otherwise simple, is ornamented by a bow of ribbon from which depends a shield with armorial bearings.—*Paris Cor. London Queen.*

—A new town in Idaho has advertised for a brass band.

## APOPLEXY.

**Symptoms and Treatment of this Terrible Affliction.**

Apoplexy signifies stroke or shock. The cause, induced by mental excitement, muscular exertion or intemperence, is bleeding inside the skull, amounting to drops or pounds, and occurring in one side of the brain. The hemorrhage is due to brittleness or softening of small arteries. They break, and hence the sudden attack. Overfullness of the superficial brain vessel, or sudden plugging of a small artery, are causes. The pressure created stops the circulation of the whole brain.

Attacks rarely give warning, though ringing in the ears and flushing may precede. The full onset may take a few seconds or a half hour. *Symptoms:* Confusion, flushing, lividity, or perhaps pallor of the face; paralysis of half the face and half the body on the *opposite* side; snoring, delirium, vomiting, unconsciousness, more or less profound. Movements, if any, are confined to one side, Will may be exerted though intellect be gone. The lips puff; the pulse is slow, hard, full: the pupils are contracted or dilated, and usually unlike. These symptoms last minutes, hours or days. If stupor continue ten hours without improvement, and especially if increased, the attack is probably fatal. It may be so in a few minutes, hours or several days.

Under twenty years apoplexy is rare, and liability diminishes after seventy. Some suppose that a short neck and full habit predispose to it. Statistics prove the contrary. An attack is generally repeated, the third commonly being fatal. Recovery requires months. Do not mistake apoplexy for intoxication. Cases of supposed drunkenness are often locked up and afterward found dead. Distinguish intoxication by the odor of the breath, general habits, dilated, symmetrical pupils, soft, feeble pulse, absence of snoring. Signs of drunkenness usually can be forced from the inebriate. In apoplexy the temperature is normal or raised. In drunkenness it is lowered. In opium poisoning the patient can generally be roused for a moment. The pupils are very small and symmetrical. Kidney disease, which causes unconsciousness, is usually known already. In fainting there is a cold, white face and no pulse.

In case of apoplexy, send for the doctor. Keep the head cool and raised. Apply mustard plasters to the legs, back and stomach, alternately. Give injections of oil and warm water and strong purgatives, after the attack. Shorten or shave off the hair. A very strong man, under fifty, might be bled. —*Congregationalist.*

## NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

**Pretty Porcelain Placques That Are Not Porcelain at All.**

"Look at that porcelain panel—how beautiful," exclaimed an expensively attired young man in a picture store. "They make them in Dresden. I have sat and watched them by the hour. How far superior European work is to our own. Those roses are a very marvel." He was looking enthusiastically at a placque on a little easel. The placque shone like glass, which it seems to be, and a cluster of red flowers on a black background had a pretty effect. "That would be cheap at ten dollars," whispered the connoisseur to the man with him, and together they went into raptures over it.

"Were you looking at the placque?" put in a polite salesman. "Would you like to buy it?"

"How much?" inquired the connoisseur timidly.

"Twenty-five cents," the salesman responded, "or you can have a dozen for two dollars and seventy-five cents. Too dear? Well, we have some damaged ones you can have cheaper."

"Damaged at sea—on the way from Dresden," exclaimed the connoisseur, hoping to save himself in the estimation of his comrade.

"No, sir," answered the salesman decidedly; "they were injured on the journey from Seventh and Lombard streets, where they are made. Porcelain? No. Glass? No, not that, either. Paper? Yes, that's what they're made of. Some are cut out of a cheap wood and shined up. They don't look bad, do they? Feel 'em."

But the connoisseur and his dupe had turned away sadly and sorrowfully, having decided that the works of art were not pretty at all, but quite too common for anything.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The great Mexican volcano Popocatapetl has been remeasured and found to be 17,800 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscured within by sulphurous vapor, is about two and one-half miles in circuit and 1,000 feet deep. The entire center of the top of the mountain seems to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of a ton a day.